



**DARK NIGHTS**

**1**

# HAWKMAN

F O U N D

**DARK NIGHTS**  
**THEIR**  
**TIE-IN**

**Lemire**  
**Hitch**  
**Nowlan**  
**Sinclair**

RATED **T+** TEEN PLUS DCCOMICS.COM FEB 2018





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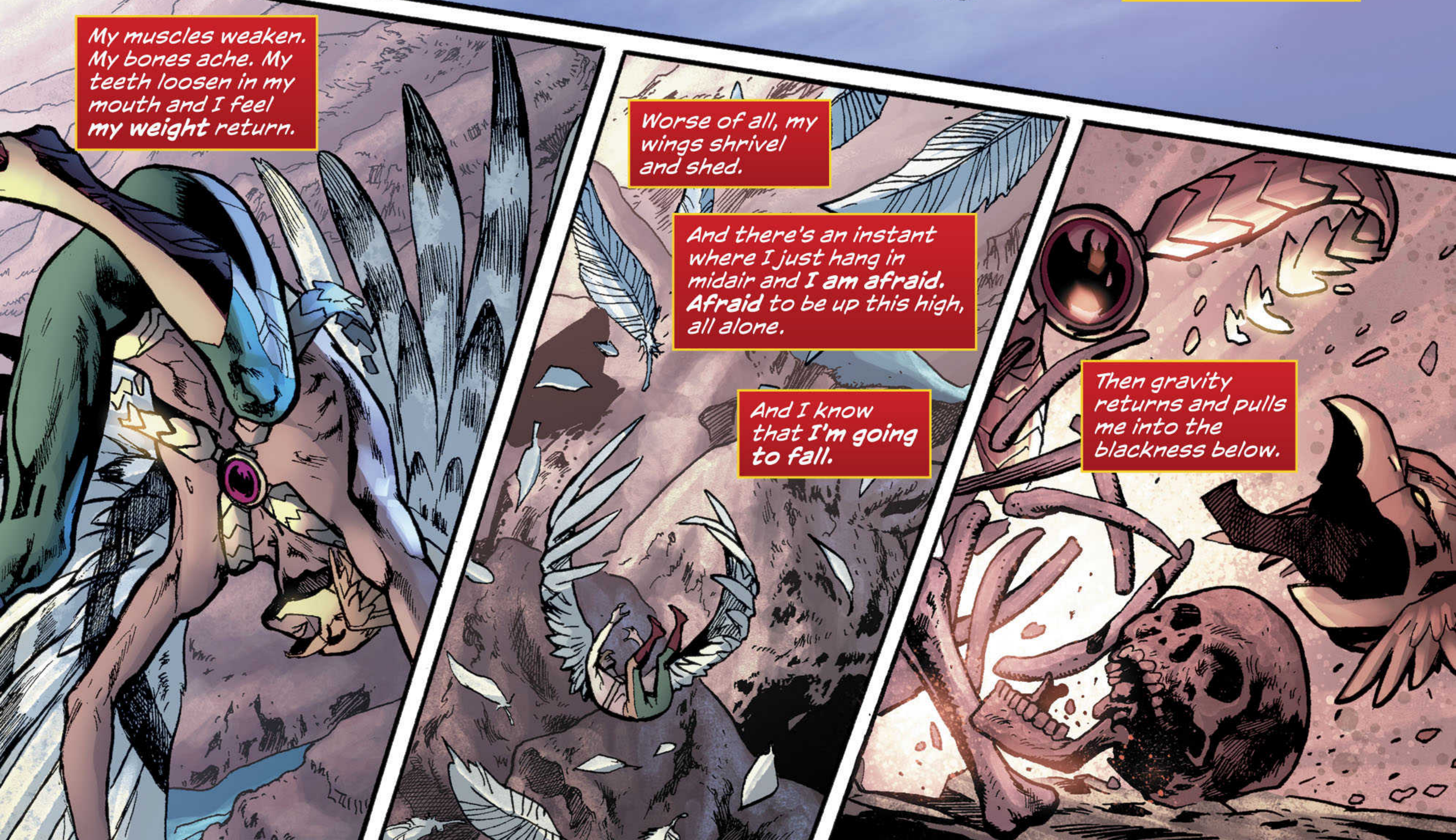




*Each night  
I dream I am  
a bird.*

*No, not a bird--a warrior.  
And I dream that I can fly.  
Nothing holds me back.  
Gravity fades away and  
I am free, truly free.*

*Each night this  
dream quickly turns  
to a nightmare.*



*My muscles weaken.  
My bones ache. My  
teeth loosen in my  
mouth and I feel  
my weight return.*

*Worse of all, my  
wings shrivel  
and shed.*

*And there's an instant  
where I just hang in  
midair and I am afraid.  
Afraid to be up this high,  
all alone.*

*And I know  
that I'm going  
to fall.*

*Then gravity  
returns and pulls  
me into the  
blackness below.*





*And each night I wake right  
before I hit the ground.  
I wake just before I die.*



*Then I'm back.  
Back here.  
Always here.*



*This is how I keep track of the days here.  
Not by the sun and moon--there is no sun  
or moon here, only eternal dusk--but  
rather by these dreams...*

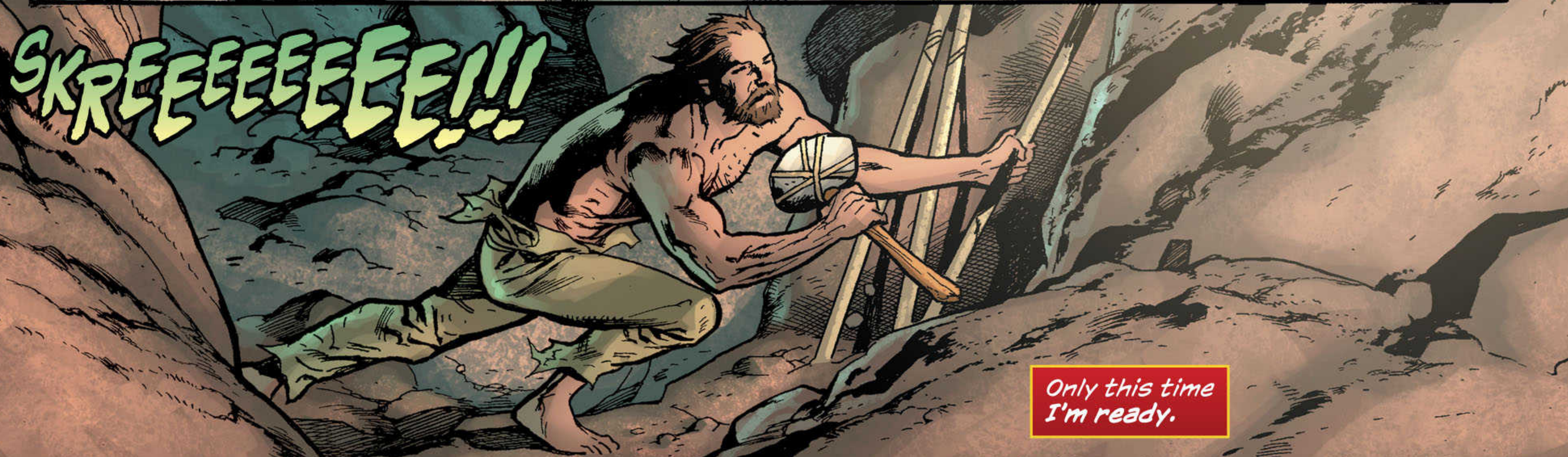


...dreams of the  
Hawkman.

# HAWKMAN FOUND

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BRIAN CUNNINGHAM EDITOR  
SPECIAL THANKS TO SCOTT SNYDER & GREG CAPULLO





Each week they come  
and take another of  
the prisoners.  
Terrors of the sky.  
Our dark jailers...



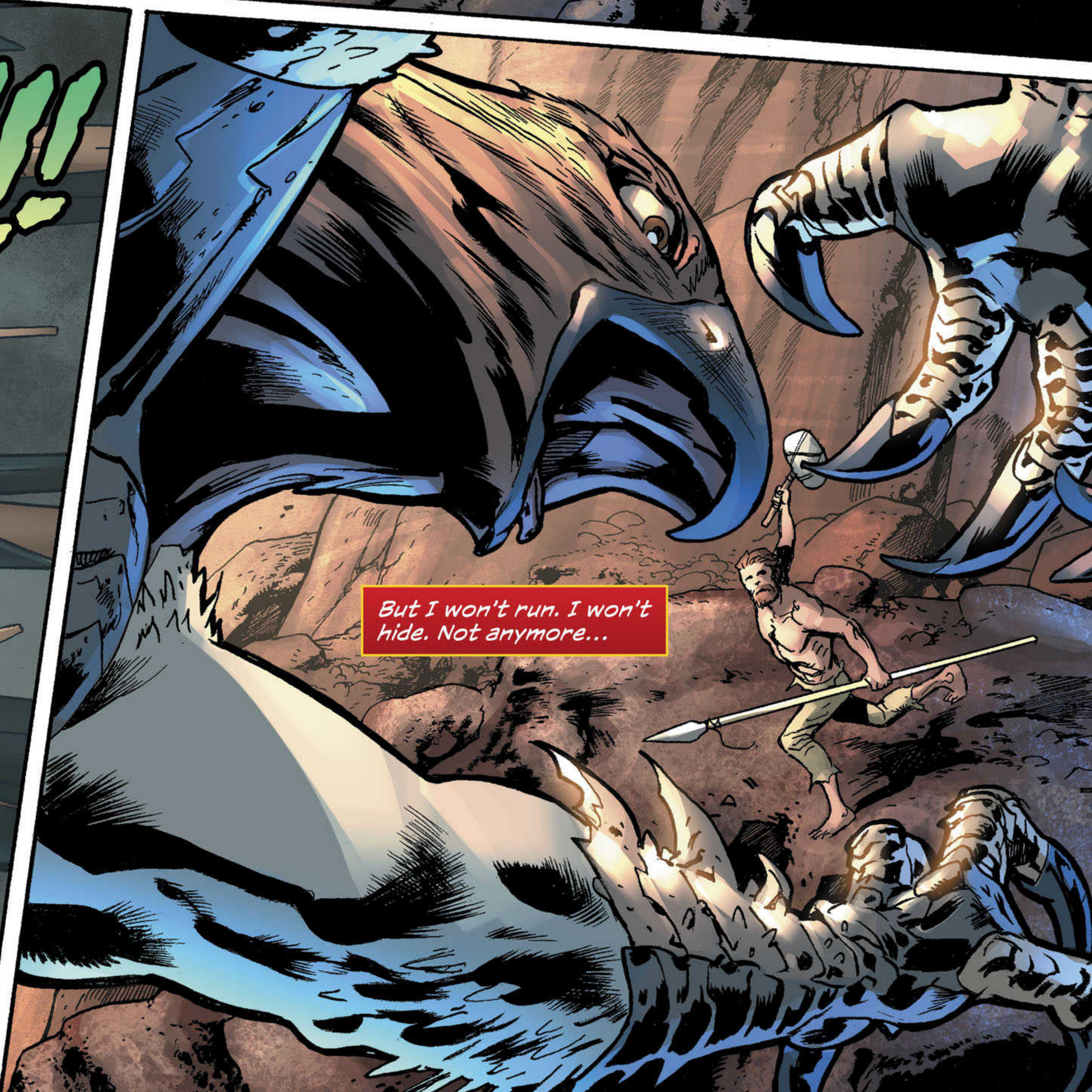
...The Manhawks!

SKREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

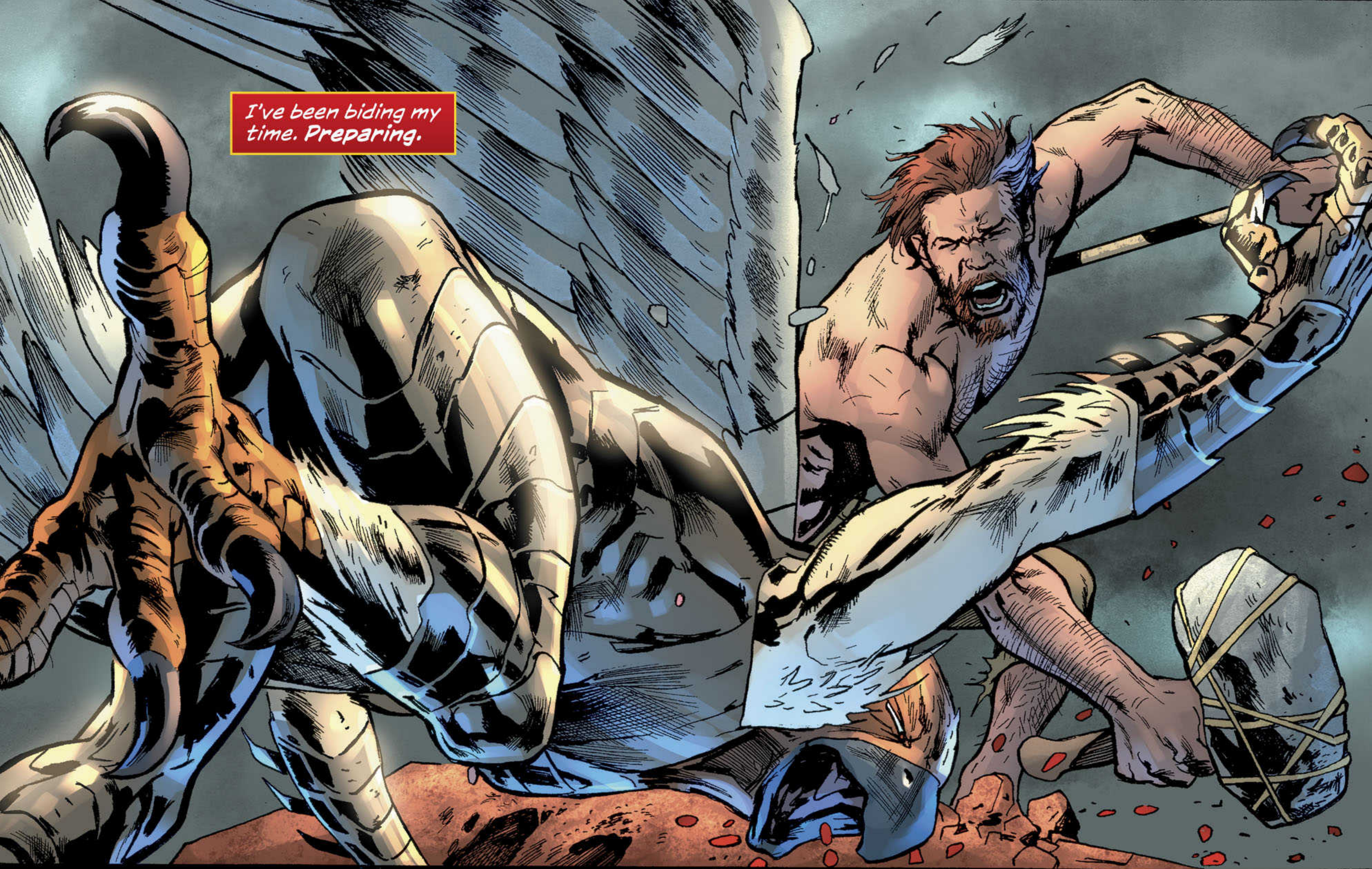
The others run and hide.  
Sometimes they are plucked  
away and taken to their ship,  
never to be seen again.



But I won't run. I won't  
hide. Not anymore...







*I've been biding my time. Preparing.*



*And now it's time.  
Time to leave.*



*The others just watch.  
Impassive. Like ghosts.  
And for an instant...  
for an instant I think  
I know them all...or they  
know me.*

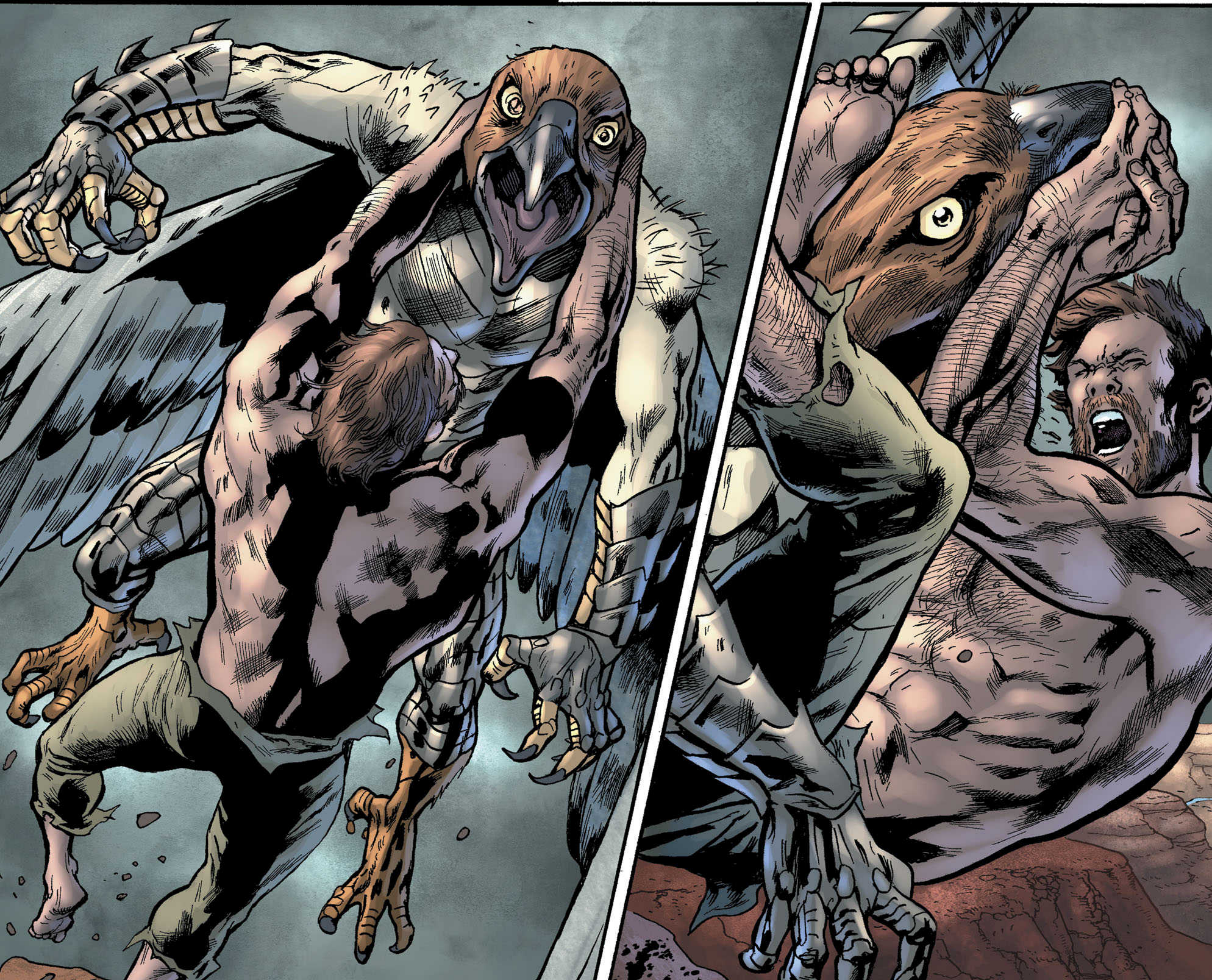


But then it fades and  
all that's left is blood  
and bone.

SKAAWWWW!!!

All that's  
left is war.

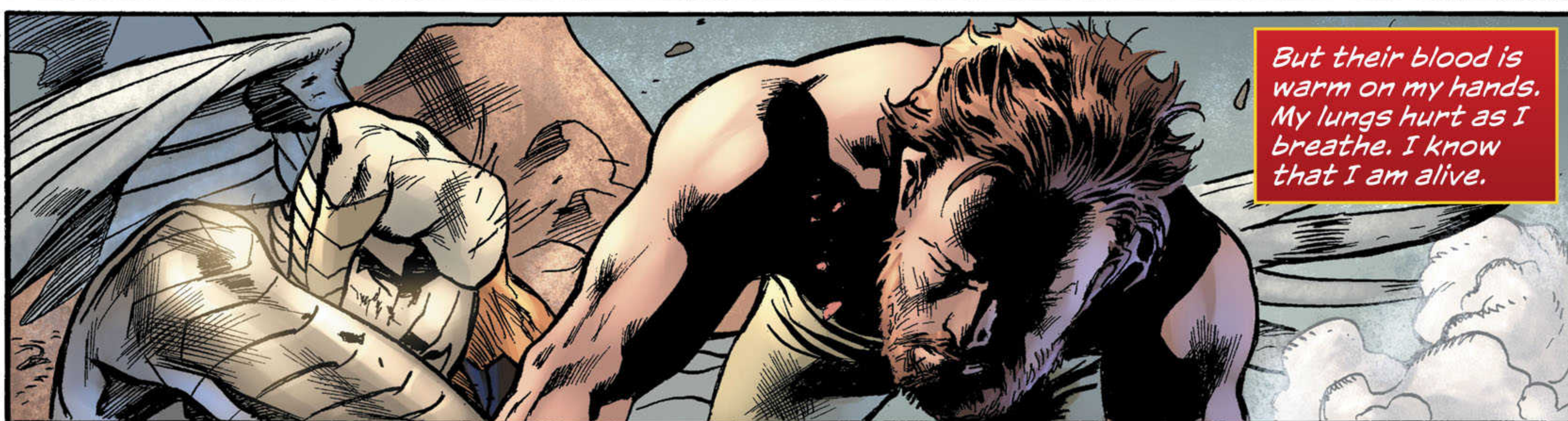
And I may not know  
anything else, but I  
do know I was born  
for war.







*In my darkest hours, all alone in that cave, I started to imagine this place was some sort of afterlife...that I was dead and this is hell.*



*But their blood is warm on my hands. My lungs hurt as I breathe. I know that I am alive.*



*And I'm not going to stop until every last one of **them** is dead.*

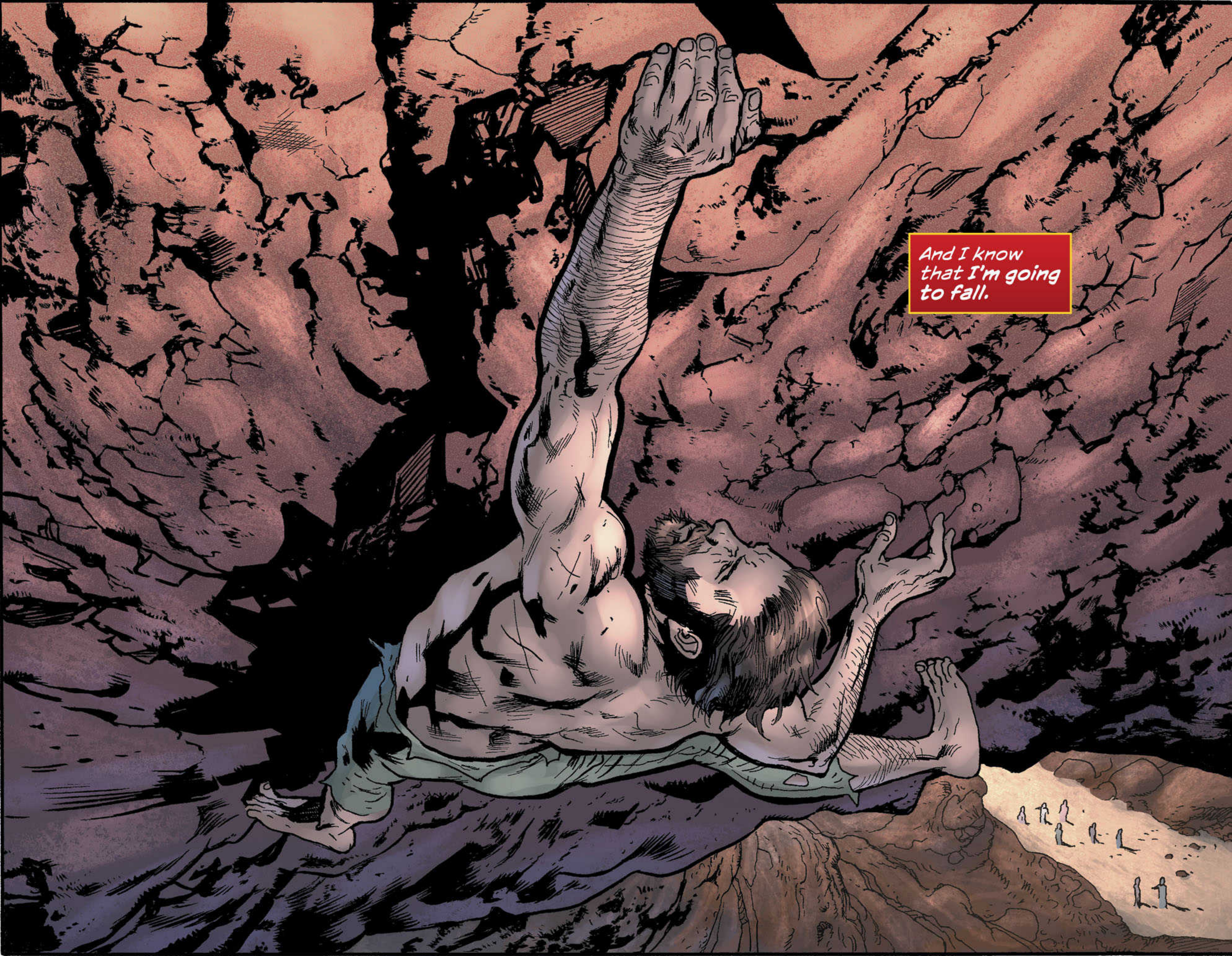


*But first...*

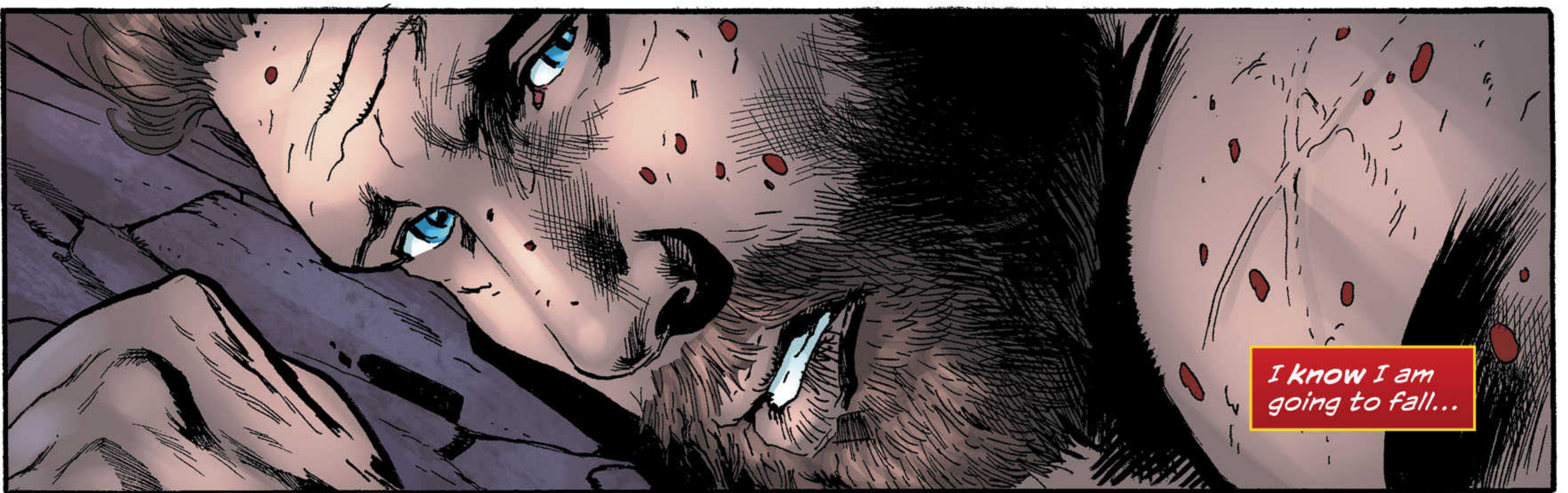
*First I have  
to climb.*

*Every night there is  
an instant where I  
hang in midair and  
I am afraid, I am so  
afraid to be up this  
high, all alone.*

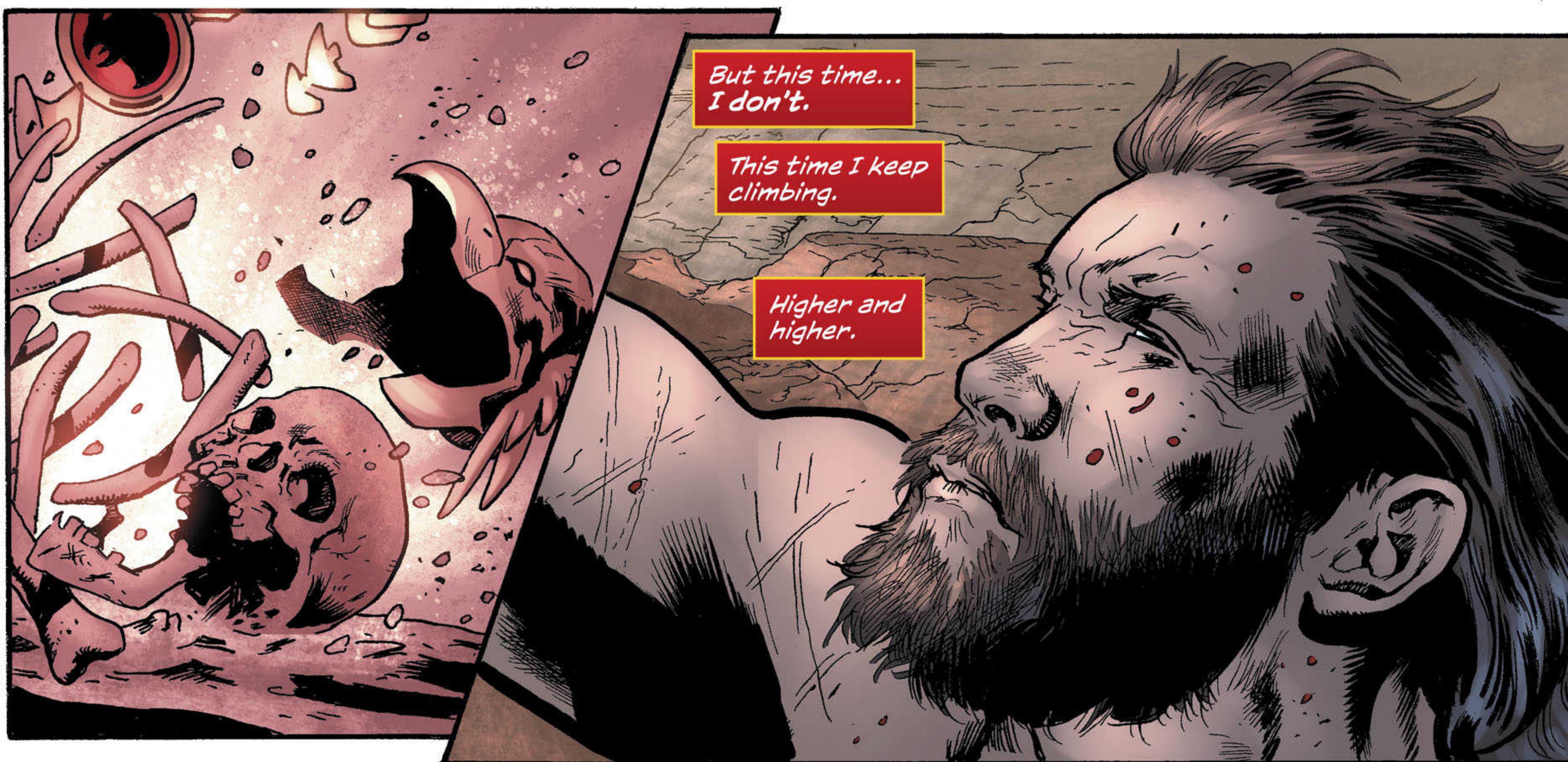




*And I know  
that I'm going  
to fall.*



*I know I am  
going to fall...*



*But this time...  
I don't.*

*This time I keep  
climbing.*

*Higher and  
higher.*



*Almost there.*

*Only one thing I have to do...*

*I just need to fly.*

UNGH!






*This place...*



*I--I know this place.  
Don't I? Like the men  
I left down below, it  
somehow seems familiar  
but also it feels wrong...*

*The walls are filled with artifacts  
of death, weapons of torture.  
A museum of the dead.*





And then it starts.  
From out of nowhere...  
I start to remember.  
And I know--

Yet they feel so right  
in my hands. Like they  
belong there.

I know who  
I was!

I also know  
where I am.

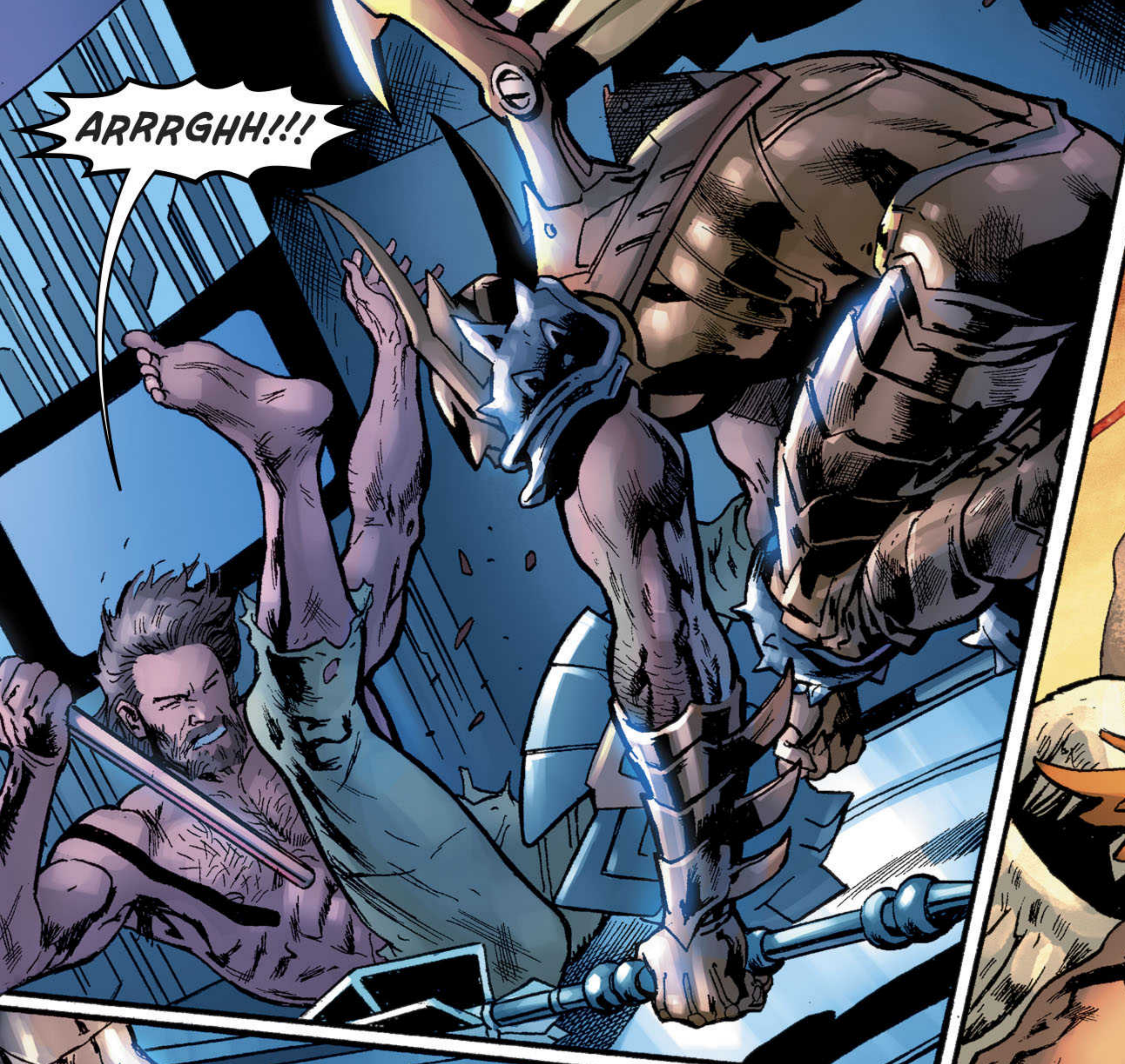
And I know  
who put me  
here...





TIME IS  
DONE WITH YOU!  
ALL OF YOUR SOULS  
BELONG TO ME  
NOW!

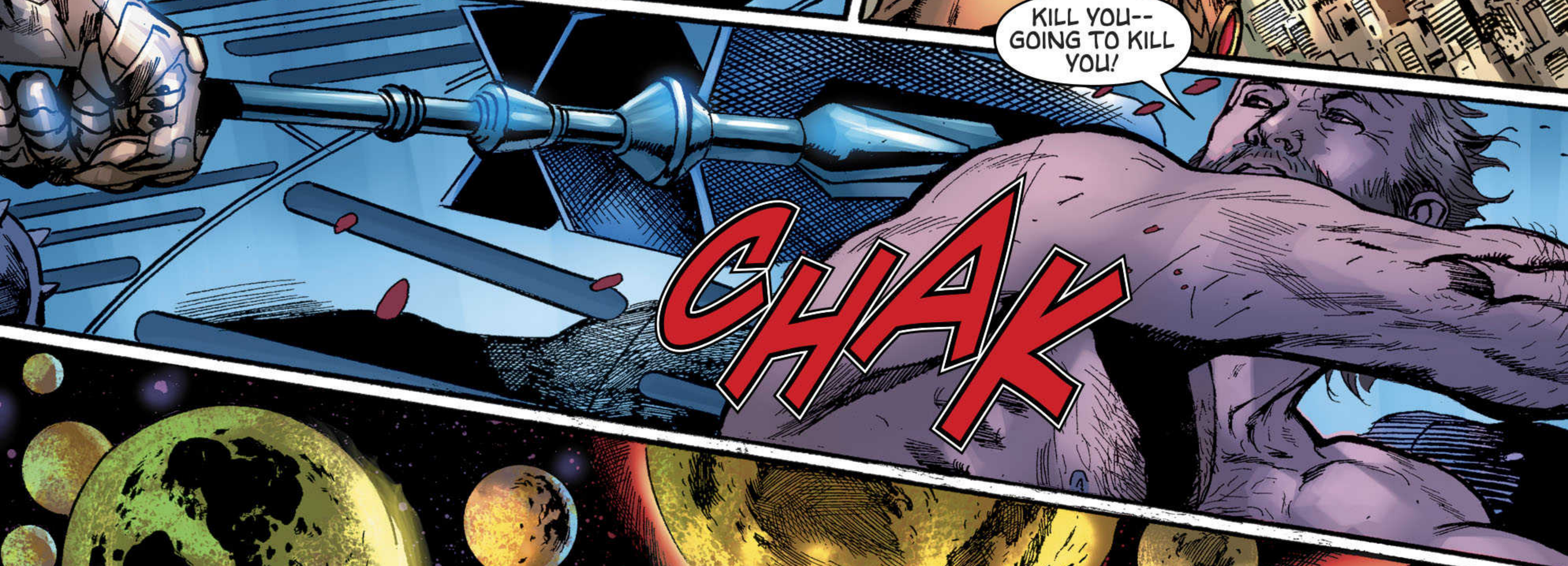




I--I received a distress call on Challengers Mountain. The Challengers were lost... lost in the Dark Multiverse.



KILL YOU--  
GOING TO KILL YOU!



CHAK



I didn't find the Challengers, but I found the Forge... the Forge of Worlds.

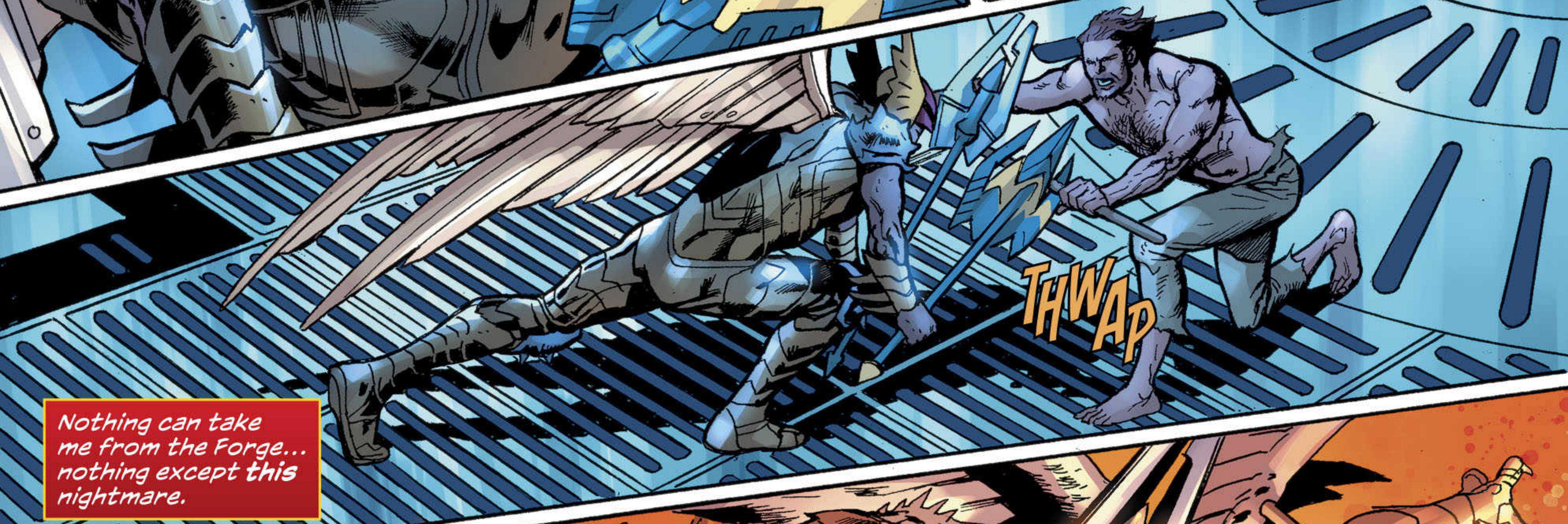
This universe...this is what I had been looking for for so long. This was the darkness... the mystery I had tried so desperately to shine a light on.





THE FORGE!  
I HAVE TO MAN THE  
FOR--UNGH!!

*I have to man the Forge of Worlds.  
All life depends on it...it is my destiny.*

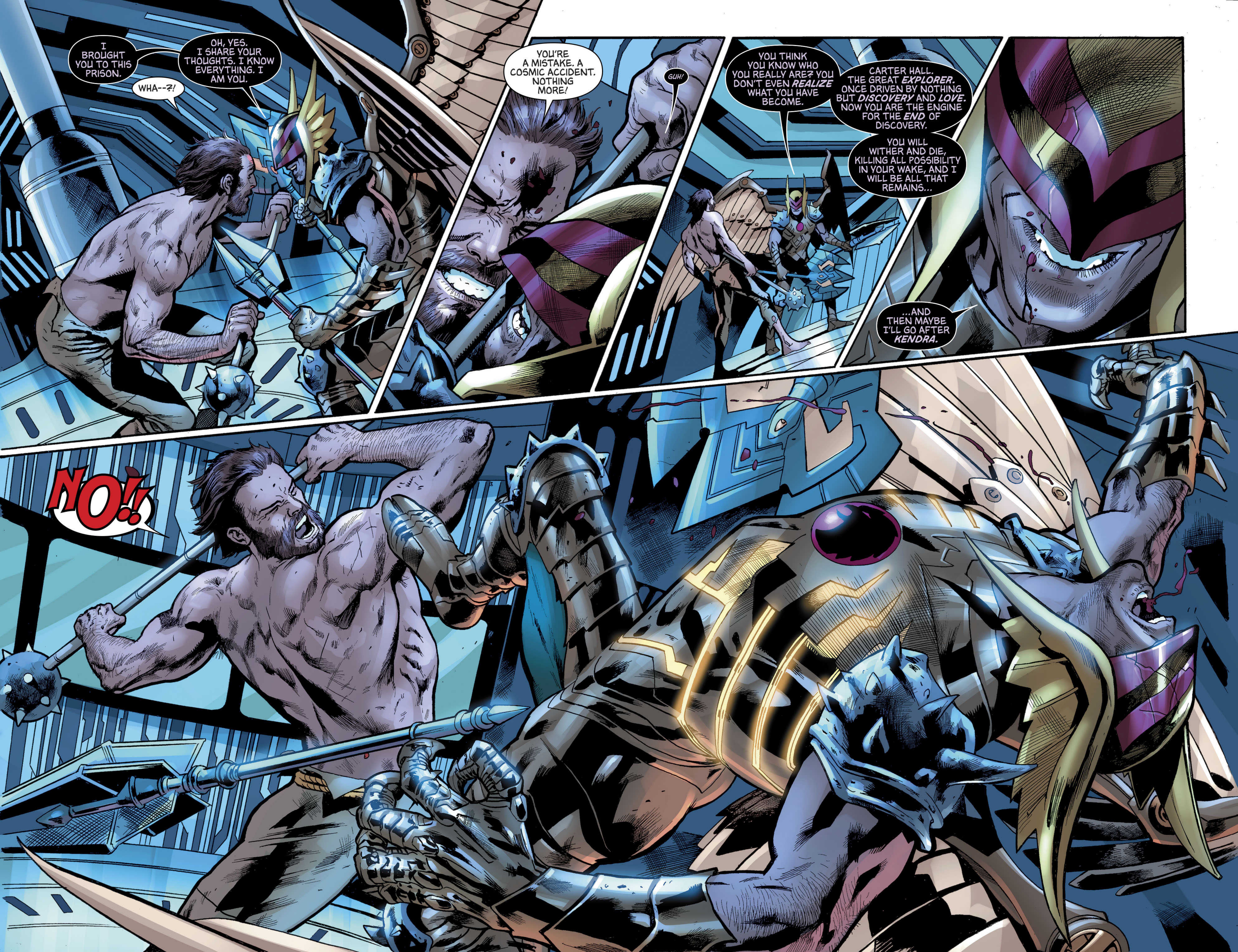


*Nothing can take  
me from the Forge...  
nothing except this  
nightmare.*



*This--this thing--this monster.  
It attacked me. Took me from  
The Forge and brought me to  
this prison.*





I BROUGHT YOU TO THIS PRISON.

OH, YES. I SHARE YOUR THOUGHTS. I KNOW EVERYTHING. I AM YOU.

WHA--Z!

YOU'RE A MISTAKE. A COSMIC ACCIDENT. NOTHING MORE!

GUH!

YOU THINK YOU KNOW WHO YOU REALLY ARE? YOU DON'T EVEN REALIZE WHAT YOU HAVE BECOME.

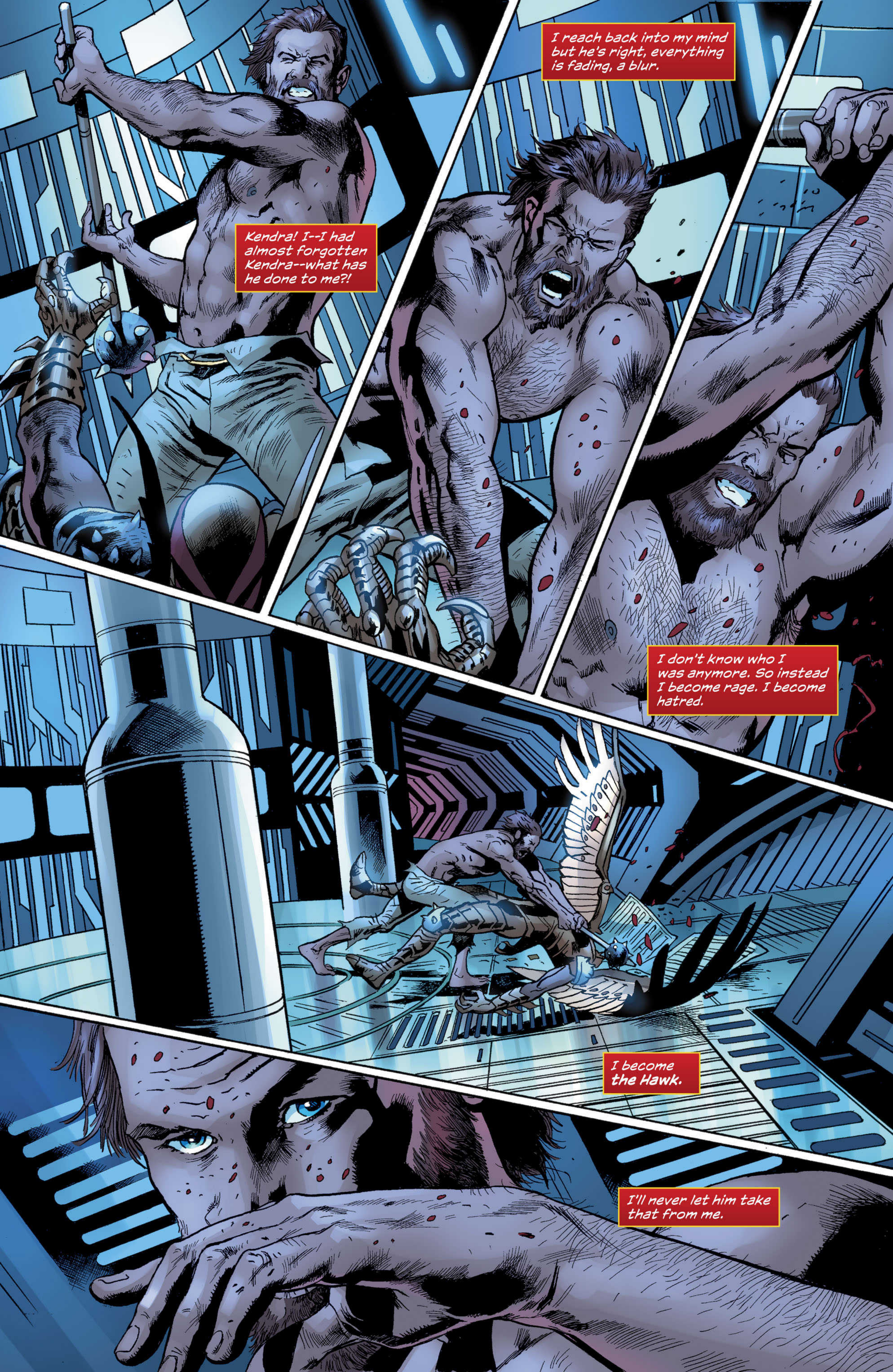
CARTER HALL. THE GREAT EXPLORER. ONCE DRIVEN BY NOTHING BUT DISCOVERY AND LOVE. NOW YOU ARE THE ENGINE FOR THE END OF DISCOVERY.

YOU WILL WITHER AND DIE, KILLING ALL POSSIBILITY IN YOUR WAKE, AND I WILL BE ALL THAT REMAINS...

...AND THEN MAYBE I'LL GO AFTER KENDRA.

NO!!





*I reach back into my mind but he's right, everything is fading, a blur.*

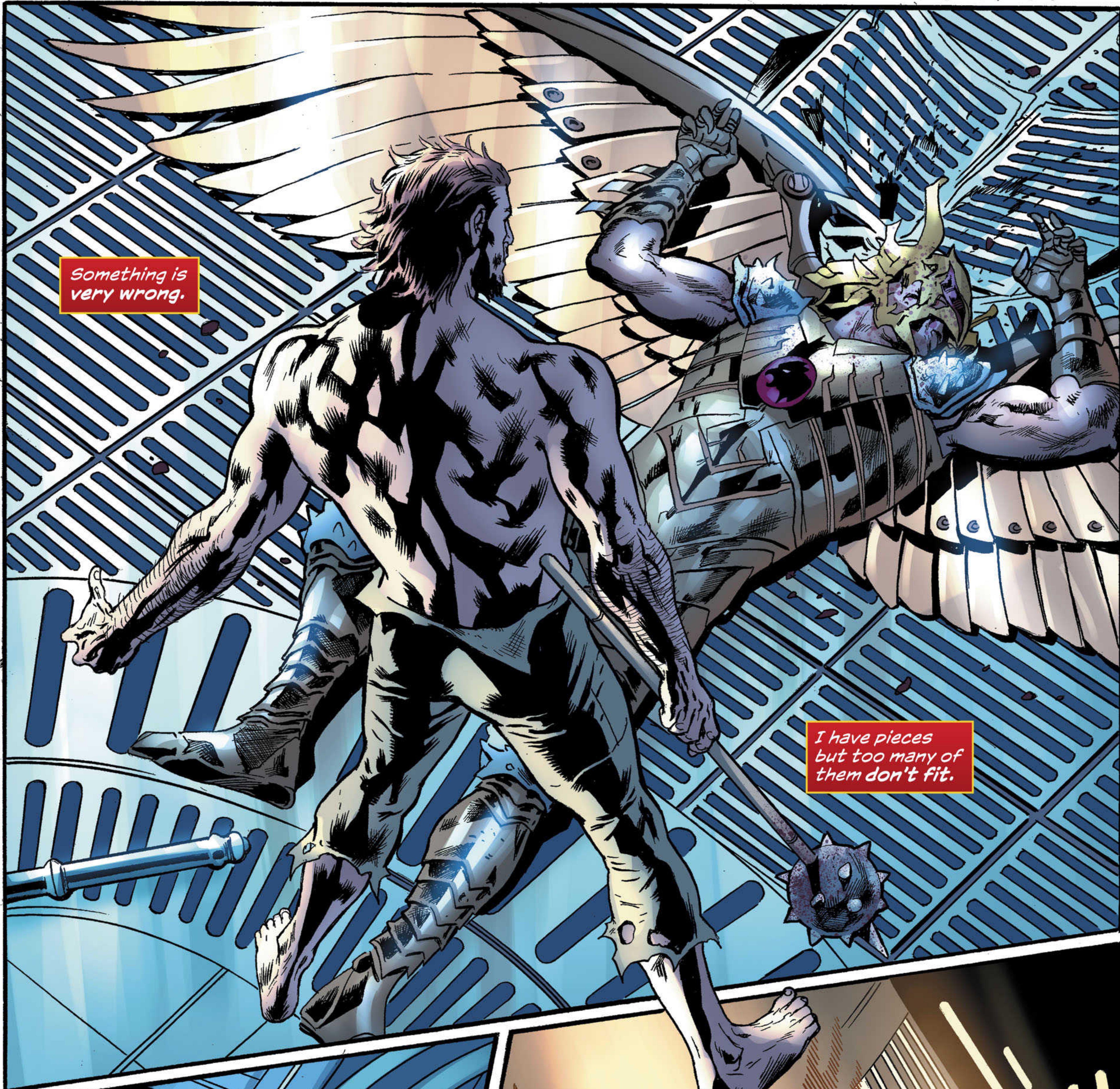
*Kendra! I--I had almost forgotten Kendra--what has he done to me?!*

*I don't know who I was anymore. So instead I become rage. I become hatred.*

*I become the Hawk.*

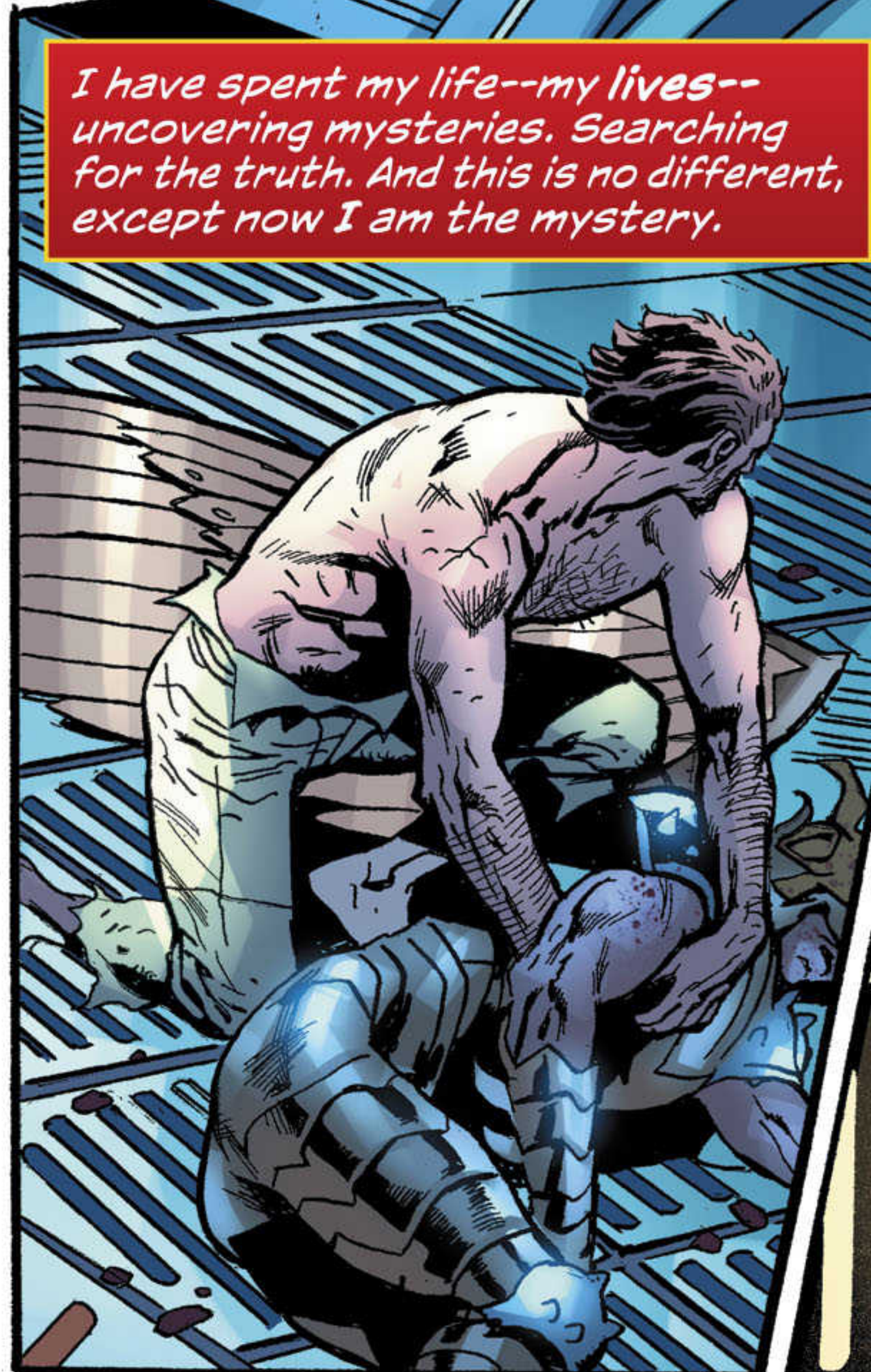
*I'll never let him take that from me.*





*Something is  
very wrong.*

*I have pieces  
but too many of  
them don't fit.*




*I have spent my life--my lives--  
uncovering mysteries. Searching  
for the truth. And this is no different,  
except now I am the mystery.*



*He's right. This place has  
done something to me.  
It has taken something  
from me.*

*So I take  
something  
back.*



A full-page comic book illustration of Hawkman in flight. He is shown from the waist up, with his head tilted back and eyes closed, looking towards the sky. He has large, golden, mechanical wings with multiple segments and circular joints. He wears a golden chest plate with a red circular emblem in the center. His arms are outstretched, and he is barefoot. The background is a vast, rocky desert canyon with a winding river visible in the distance. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and shadows.

*So many lives. So many memories.  
A jumble of possibilities. These things  
I've seen, I don't know what's real  
anymore and what isn't.*

*So I make a choice.  
I rise up above it all.  
I let my past and my  
future fall away.*

*All I know for sure  
is who I am right  
now.*

*...I'm Hawkman.  
And I'm coming  
home!*

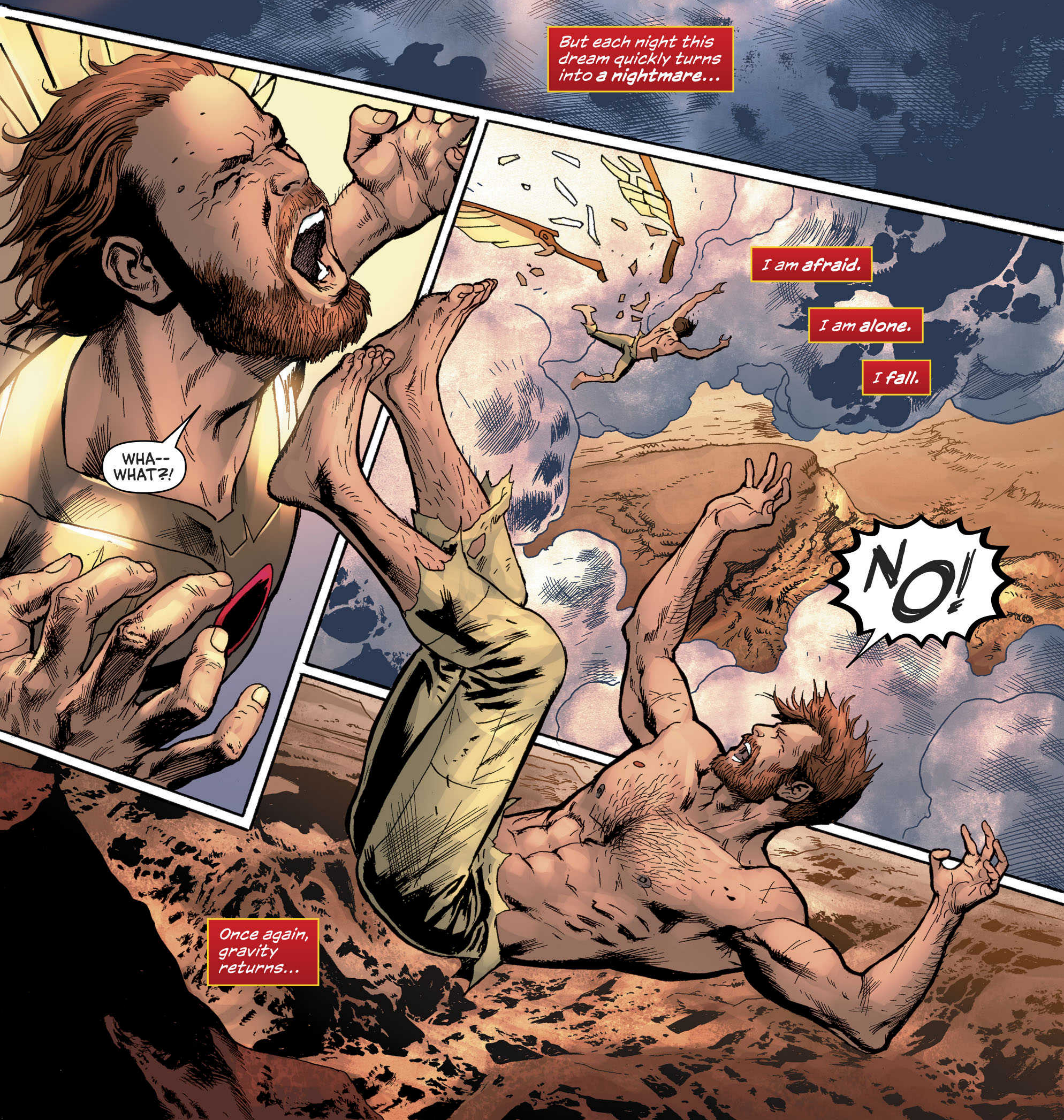


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No, not a bird--a warrior.  
And I dream that I can fly.  
Nothing holds me back.  
Gravity fades away and I  
am free, truly free.

But each night this  
dream quickly turns  
into a nightmare...



WHA--  
WHAT?!

I am afraid.

I am alone.

I fall.

NO!

Once again,  
gravity  
returns...





*...and pulls me into  
the blackness  
below.*

**THE STORY CONTINUES IN  
DARK NIGHTS METAL: #5!**